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'I Suppose I Must Be His Child.'

A Story of a Russian Peasant.

Some years ago I was visiting friends in the government of Moscow. I found that an epidemic of dysentery—particularly fatal to old people and children—was raging there. In order to try and alleviate their sufferings we went to visit the villages, taking food and medicine to the sick.

In one village I found an old man who, tired of lying still, had risen from his bed and was sitting beside the window of his little cabin, his face flushed and his eyes bright from fever. I felt deeply sorry for him, as he looked so ill, and went in to give him some medicine, saying to myself, 'Who knows whether I shall ever see that poor old man alive again?'

RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

An ardent desire came to me to tell him in a few words the good news' of a free and full salvation. I knew that the Holy Spirit alone could make him understand the things of God, and I prayed to Him for His assistance. After a few minutes the thought came to me to ask the old man the following question: 'Grandfather' (it is thus the young always address the old among the Russian people)—'grandfather, tell me, do you know the prayer, "Our Father, which art in Heaven"?'

'Yes,' he said, 'certainly I do, for I hear it at church, and I say it morning and evening.'

'Then if you call God "Our Father," what is your relation to God? If God is your Father, what are you to God?'

'Well,' said the old man in a timid voice, for he feared to be irreverent, 'I suppose I must be His child!'

'Yes, grandfather, that is quite right. Now if God is your Father and you are His child, where is your home?'

'Ah,' he said with a thoughtful air, 'my home must be where my Father is—in Heaven.'

'Just so; then, if your Father said to you, "My child, you have been long enough upon earth, I want you up here in Heaven; come to Me," would you be afraid to go?'

I saw what was coming, for his face, which had lighted up with joy, now looked sad, and the joy faded away.

'But—but my sins,' he said in a troubled voice.

'Tell me,' I replied, 'what do you call Jesus the Son of God?'

'Saviour,' he answered.

'Then if you call Him Saviour, He must have saved you from something?' I said.

'From sin,' he replied.

'Well, then, if the Lord Jesus has saved you from your sins, they are no longer on you, grandfather; don't you see God says nothing impure can enter in where He is—in Heaven—and He wished to have us with Him. His fatherly heart wanted us, and that is why He sent His only Son the Lord Jesus Christ, who had no sin, so that He should take our sins upon Himself, and we might be pardoned. And now God says to those who believe in Him that all their sins are washed away by the blood of Jesus, and that He, God our Father, not only has forgiven our sins, but also that He will remember them no more.'

While I was speaking I could see the old man's eyes fill with tears, which ran gently down his cheeks. He made the sign of the cross, as all do in Russia when they feel anything deeply, and said to me, 'Oh, what beautiful words you have told me; nothing new—a prayer I know well, but I never dreamt what it meant. Thank you so much. I shall never forget your words, and I believe in them.'—'Light in the Home.'

Their Experiment.

('Christian Globe.')

'Where are you going John?' asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband arose from the tea-table, and took his hat.

'Oh, I'm going out,' was the careless response.

'But where?'

'What odds does it make, Emma? I shall be back at my usual time.'

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly upon a subject which had lain uneasily upon her heart for some time, and she could not let the opportunity pass. It required an effort, but she persevered.

'Let me tell you what odds it makes to me,' she said, in a kind, but tremulous tone. 'If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel much better if I knew where you were.'

'But you know that I am safe, Emma; and what more can you ask?'

'I do not know that you are safe, John. I know nothing about you when you are away.'

'Pooh! Would you have it that I am not capable of taking care of myself?'

'You put a wrong construction upon my words, John. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do, I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business I never feel thus, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during these long evenings, I get to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome, and so one thought follows another, until I feel troubled and uneasy. Oh, if you would stay with me a portion of your evenings!'

'Aha! I thought that was what you were aiming at,' said John, with a playful shake of the head. 'You would have me here all the evening.'

'Well, can you wonder at it?' returned Emma. 'I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now.'

'Ah,' said John, with a smile, 'those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future.'

'And why not continue to do so, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember, one of our plans was to make a home.'

'And haven't we got one, Emma?'

'We have a place in which to live,' answered the wife, somewhat evasively. 'Now, just remember, my husband, that previous to our marriage, I had pleasant society all the time. Of course I remained at home much of my time; but I had a father and mother there, and I had brothers and sisters there; and our evenings were happily spent. Finally, I gave all up for you. I left the old home, and sought a home with my husband. And now, have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like it to have me away every evening, while you were obliged to remain here alone?'

'Why, I should like it well enough.'

'Ah, but you would not be willing to try it.'

'Yes, I would,' said John, at a venture.

'Will you remain here every evening next week, and let me spend them among my female friends?' asked Emma.

'Certainly I will; and I assure you I shall not be so lonesome as you imagine.'

With this the husband went out, and was soon among his friends. He was a steady, industrious man, and loved his wife truly; but, like thousands of others, he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought of no harm. His only practical idea of home seemed to be, that it was a place which his wife took care of, and where he could eat, drink, and sleep, as long as he could pay for it. His wife had frequently asked him to stay at home with her; but she had never ventured upon any argument before, and he had no conception of how much she missed him. She always seemed happy when he came home; and he supposed she could always be so.

Monday evening came, and John Wilson remained true to his promise. His wife put on her bonnet and shawl; and he said he would remain and 'keep house.'

'What will you do while I am gone?' Emma asked.

'Oh, I shall read, and sing, and enjoy myself generally.'

'Very well. I shall be back in good time.'

The wife went out, and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting book, and he began to read it. He read till eight o'clock, and then he began to yawn, and refer frequently to the clock. The book did not interest him as usual. Ever and anon he would come to a passage which he knew would please his wife, and instinctively he turned as though he would read it aloud; but there was no wife to hear it. At half-past eight he arose from his chair and began to pace the floor. Then he went and got his flute, and performed several of his favorite airs. Finally the clock struck nine, and his wife returned.

'Well, John, I am back in good time. How have you enjoyed yourself?'

'Capitally. I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have had a pleasant evening?'

'Oh, splendid! I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away from home. Home is a dull place, after all, isn't it?'

'Why, no; I can't say it is,' returned John. 'I rather like it.'

'I'm glad of that,' retorted Emma; 'for we shall both enjoy ourselves now. You shall have a nice comfortable week of it.'

John winced at this; but he kept his countenance, and determined to stand it out.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go away again.

'I shall be back in good time,' she said.

'Where are you going?' her husband asked.

'Oh, I can't tell exactly. I may go to several places.'

So John Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as before; but he found it hard work. Ever and anon he would cast his eyes upon that empty chair; and the thought would come, 'How pleasant it would be if she were here!' The clock finally struck nine, and he began to listen for the step of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became very nervous and uneasy.

'I declare,' he muttered to himself, after he had listened for some time in vain, 'this is too bad. She ought not to stay out so late!'

But he happened to remember that he often remained away much later than that; so he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At fifteen minutes to ten Emma came.

'A little late, am I not?' she said, looking up at the clock. 'But I fell in with some old friends. How have you enjoyed yourself?'

'First-rate,' returned John, bravely. 'I think home is a great place.'

'Especially when one can have it all to himself,' added the wife, with a sidelong glance at her husband.

But he made no reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before; but this time she kissed her husband ere she went, and seemed to hesitate somewhat.

'Where do you think of going?' John asked, in an undertone.

'I may drop in to see Uncle John,' replied Emma. 'However, you won't be uneasy. You'll know I'm safe.'

'Oh, certainly.'

When the husband was left to his own reflections he began to ponder seriously upon the subject thus presented for consideration. He could not read, he could not play, he could not enjoy himself in any way while that arm chair was empty. In short, he found that home had no real comfort without his wife. The one thing needed to make his home cheerful was not present.

'I declare,' he said to himself, 'I did not think it would be lonesome. And can it be that she feels as I do, when she is here all alone? It must be so,' he pursued, thoughtfully. 'It is just as she says. Before we were married, she was very happy in her childhood's home. Her parents loved her, and her brothers and sisters loved her, and they did all they could to make her comfortable.'

After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped again and communed with himself. 'I can't stand this. I should die in a week. If Emma were only here I think I could amuse myself very well. How lonesome and dreary it is. And only eight o'clock. I declare I've a mind to walk down to Uncle John's, and see if she is there. It would be a relief to see her face. I won't go in. She shan't know yet that I hold out so faintly.'

John Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his hat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps towards Uncle John's. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up, and—he could not be mistaken—saw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognized him.

'John,' she said, in surprise, 'is this you?'

'It is,' was the response.

'And you do not pass your evenings at home?' she asked.

'This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word; and even now I have not been absent from the house ten minutes. I merely came out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?'

'I am going home, John. Will you go with me?'

'Certainly,' he returned.

She took his arm, and they walked home in silence.

'When Emma had taken off her things, she sat down and gazed up at the clock.

'You came home early to-night,' remarked John.

The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and, with an expression half-smiling and half-tearful, she answered.

'I will confess the truth, John. I have given up the experiment. I managed to stand it last evening; but I could not stand it through to-night. When I thought of you here all alone, I wanted to be with you. It didn't seem right. I haven't enjoyed myself at all. I have no home but this.'

'Say you so,' cried John, moving his seat to his wife's side, and taking one of her hands. 'Then let me make my confession. I have stood it not a whit better. When I left the house this evening I could bear it no longer. I found that this was no home for me while my sweet wife was absent. I thought I would walk down to Uncle John's, and see your face, if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair till my heart ached.'

He kissed her as he spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his arm:

'I have learned a very good lesson. Your presence here is like the bursting forth of the sun after a storm; and if you love me as I love you—which, of course, I cannot doubt—my presence may afford some sunlight for you. At all events, our next experiment shall be to that effect. I will try and see how much home comfort we can find while we are both here to enjoy it.'

Emma was too happy to express her joy in words; but she expressed it nevertheless, and in a manner, too, not to be mistaken.

The next evening was spent at home by both husband and wife; it was one of much enjoyment. In a short time John began to realize how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home; and the longer he enjoyed this comfort the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth, that it takes two to make a happy home; and that if the wife is one party, the husband must be the other.'

The Maple Leaf Forever and Everyone.

Large numbers of schools and scholars are hastening to take advantage of our Maple Leaf offer while it holds good. In many cases the teacher is the one to take the matter up, and remits the order for almost the entire school. So fully do practical educationists realize the value of the concrete in the teaching of patriotism.

One teacher in Nova Scotia says: 'Do not fail to send the flags and badges, as the children are as eager to have them as to have the pins.' Well they might be, for every one pronounces these very attractive, and we give them as extras with each pin in all school orders of ten or over.

Another feature of our offer that makes it 'more than the money's worth,' as one school votes it, is that where pupils already get our papers in their homes, they may give with their order, not their own name, but that of some friend elsewhere in Canada, perhaps some recent settler in the new west or some brother or sister away from home, who thus may enjoy the month's free subscription to two good weekly papers, namely, the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' and the 'Northern Messenger.'

Every true Canadian wants to give expression to his feelings on Empire Day, Dominion Day, and other national holidays; our Maple Leaf offer will help you do it. Read our advertisement through carefully and act promptly on it.

EVERY ONE DELIGHTED.

Aylmer East, Que., May 12.

Dear Sirs,—I received the pins, brooches and badges in good order, and promptly. And everybody was well pleased with the pins, flags and badges that they got. We got more than our money's worth.

Yours truly,

VIOLET M. GRIMES.

Special Notice.

When ordering Maple Leaf Emblems, if you are already receiving in your homes one or both of the two papers we offer, we shall be pleased to send the free trial subscriptions to either paper to any address you select in the Dominion. This is a good chance to interest your friends in what interests you.

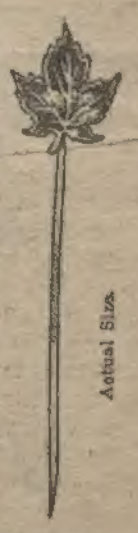
THE MAPLE LEAF

For Ever and Everyone.

Actual size.

MAPLE LEAF Brooch or Stick PINS

for Empire Day, Dominion Day, Class Day and everyday. Fine, hard enamel, very dainty, retail 25 to 30 cents. Fill out our coupon and and get one for 20 CENTS, including "Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead" and "Northern Messenger" free for one month.



Actual Size.

SCHOOL CHILDREN WILL WANT THEM.

To schools, we give the pins or brooches at Half-price for quantities and add Free a small silk Union Jack and silk badge bearing Provincial coat-of-arms. Full particulars of school offer with each single order.

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Please find enclosed the sum of twenty cents for Maple Leaf.....pin.

Kindly send particulars of your special school offer.

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ADDRESS.....

BOYS AND GIRLS

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued).

"Cause I'm only showing you the good side. There's a wrong side to this here welwet carpet, brother, and a pretty side it ain't. There's rags, and dirt, and hunger, and cold, and dead bodies, and starved babies, and widows and orphans, and broken heads, and bruises, and fevers, and smells, and smashed windows, and bare feet, and swearin', an' lyin', and drinkin', an' fightin', an' stealin', an' ravin', an' hell let loose is the name of it, and who is puttin' out a hand to change it?'

'A great many good people, I hope,' said Rodney.

'Maybe that same, but it don't seem to make much impression. Seems as if all the clean, strong hands in the world ought to be stretched down into that black wickedness, to drag out them as can't help theirselves. Now, Rod, here you be, standing on that very corner, where I was knocked down, with my basket in my hand, and all broke up, and carried off to hospital, and lost my poor little Robin. I can't take you down in the slums, where our house was. I often wonder what happened to him that night, he a poor, little lonesome fellow, crying and shivering all by hisself, no one to get him a supper, and a-fretting his little heart for me! I mind I told him as I would bring him a apple, if he'd be good, and bide in, that rainy day.'

Rasmus turned abruptly about, and on a jog-trot sought the lodging-house, followed by Rodney. He did not speak again that night, but Rodney heard him sighing, until he fell asleep. That fatal corner had recalled all the bitter misery of the past.

The next morning the search for an uncle was to be resumed. Rodney, after yesterday's experiences, had not much courage; but Rasmus always renewed his youth every morning, and rose from sleep as a giant refreshed. He told Rodney to 'prink himself up as well as he could, and he should do the same, for brokers were a 'kind of apple that grew on the very top of the tree.' The simile seemed to rouse ulterior considerations in the mind of the valiant Rasmus, for he further observed that, 'Broker or no broker, if he gave them any sass, as they got yesterday, he'd knock the whole shop higher nor a kite. Thus Rasmus sallied forth, prepared for peace or war, and Rodney followed humbly in the shade of his muscular 'gardeen.'

The new address was found without difficulty. It was a fine-looking, first floor office, several clerks being at various desks. Rasmus asked for 'Mr. Peter Waldon.'

'He is here, but he's busy. What do you want? I'll see to your business,' said an airy clerk.

'No, you won't. It's private, and mighty partic'lar.'

'Matter of a few hundred millions, I reckon?' chuckled a junior clerk—a very short clerk, at a very tall desk.

'It's worth more'n any millions,' said Rasmus the determined.

'Call again. To-day is a very busy day.'

'I'll call "Mr. Waldon!" at the top of my lungs, and you'll find they ain't a very easy pair of bellowses, when I lets all steam off to once,' said Rasmus.

'Better let the old gentleman clean them out for himself,' suggested an older clerk, from a corner.

'Mr. Waldon and his private secretary are in that room—take your chance there,' said the first interlocutor.

Rasmus unabashed, said in his usual mild roar:

'Come along, Rod. We'll tackle 'em,' and led the way to the indicated door, which he opened without ceremony.

It was an inner office, handsome and quiet. A rich carpet on the floor, dark walnut furniture, telephone tubes on the wall, a telegraph key on a table in a corner, and bending over it, the electric tongue clicking under the tap of his finger, was a figure, in partial gloom. He lifted his hand, waving it backward, as if for silence, as they entered, so that Rasmus stood stock-still, and Rodney gently closed the door behind them.

Thus they stood, but all Rasmus' faculties seemed concentrated on the figure tapping at the mysterious key. Rodney saw that the form was young and slender, and hair like his own—golden, and half-curled, but longer and more profuse—fell over his shoulders. Presently the click ceased.

'What is it?' asked the stranger, and turned to them, lifting himself, and stepping from a stool—a youth of Rodney's height, but slightly humped at the shoulders, and with a face of great beauty.

Rasmus' eyes were set, his hands extended; great drops rolled over his face. He gave a kind of cry that was not any articulate word.

'Robin!' cried a voice—an old voice—from behind a curtain, 'who is in the office?'

'Robin! Robin!' shrieked Rasmus, darting forward. 'Are you my own little Robin that I lost? I'm Rasmus, Rasmus, don't you mind? —Rasmus! Are you my Robin, that they took to the Home, when I was hurt, and that a man 'dopted and carried away?'

He had reached the golden-headed secretary, and grasped his arm.

'Rasmus! Rasmus, my brother! Oh, I made sure you were not dead! I've wanted you all this while.' And the big, brawny brother, and the little, curly-headed hump-back, were in each other's arms, saying only, 'Robin!' 'Rasmus!' 'I knowed it!' 'I have looked for you!'

'What's the matter?' demanded another voice, and the curtain that divided the office was pushed back by an old man. 'What is going on?'

Neither of the recovered brothers heard him. They were all occupied, saying, 'Robin, little Robin!' 'Dear, big Rasmus!'

'What is it?' said the old man to Rodney.

'Why—Rasmus seems to have found his brother.'

'Rasmus! You don't say so? Is that the Rasmus he is always talking about? Bless my life! And how did he come here to look for him?'

'He didn't.'

'How did he get here, then?'

'Why, he came with me. He was not expecting to find his brother, but I was looking for my uncle.'

'Yes? One of my clerks? Very lucky, I'm sure. What was your uncle's name?'

'Peter Waldon, sir.'

'Why, I'm Peter Waldon, but I didn't know I had any nephew. Who are you?'

'My name's Rodney Harris. Did you ever write this letter to my mother?' and Rod held out the letter.

'Rodney Harris! Why, I thought Rodney Harris was swept away in a house, and drowned in the Ohio flood, last spring. Who are you? Yes, I wrote this letter.'

'Why, I'm Rodney Harris. I was swept away in my house, that is, in Mr. Andrews' house; but I was not drowned. I got in a tree, and a steamboat took us off, Rasmus and me. The captain could tell you. And Mr. Llewellyn was on the boat, and he has been with us ever since. He will be here in a day or two.'

'Why, why, bless my life! Rodney Harris! Mary's boy! Come here till I get a good look at you! Until I saw that in the paper, I did not know Mary's boy had escaped when she was drowned.'

'That was Mr. Andrews' fault, sir; he has written all about it in this note-book,' said Rodney, as Mr. Waldon pulled him to the window, and scrutinized his face.

'Yes, yes; you don't need any book! You are like your mother, but more like your grandmother, my dear little sister. She was just like that, at your age! Let me see the note-book! This has been a bad business. Why in the world didn't you come to me at once?'

'Well, sir, I didn't know as I'd find you—or as you'd want me—an—I didn't have enough money for a ticket—an—I thought I'd like a walk—and I didn't know it would take so long, not more than two weeks or so—and I've been coming ever since.'

'What! Walked! Walked! No, Mr. Jimson, I'm not going to the Gold Board this morning; I'm engaged. You may go for me. Yes; I don't care what you do. I am too busy to talk business. Walked, boy? And you might have got killed, or I might have died, and all my money gone to strangers. My goodness! you foolish child—walked. And I so grieved that I had not known you all these years, and had lost you so. Very wrong—this Andrews—very bad man, only he's dead, and you are here—and so we'll forgive him. And so Robin has found his brother! How did you fall in with him?'

'Why, he found me floating away in my house, and took me out, or I'd have been drowned. He has come all the way with me. Rasmus is a splendid fellow.'

'Mr. Waldon,' said the little private secretary, 'this is my brother; he was a little father to me when I was a poor, hump-backed, cross baby, and he has spent all his time for over ten years looking for me.'

'Bless my life! I'm very glad to see him. Could not have been more glad to see anybody, except my nephew. Robin, this is my nephew that I supposed was drowned last spring. And it seems your brother was the one that fished him out of the river. Shake hands, Rasmus; you are welcome for my nephew's sake, and for Robin's sake, and for your own sake.'

Rasmus gave Mr. Waldon's wrinkled old hand a mighty shake, and benevolently remarked that he 'was glad to know him, and he seemed to be about the right sort.'

Then Rasmus returned to a sense of his wrongs, and glaring fiercely at his brother, demanded why he had 'not answered any of his advertisements?'

'Advertisements, my dear Rasmus, I never saw any.'

'What do you read the papers for, then? Or what's the use of my advertizin' in the "Herald"? Yes, in August?'

'Why, Rasmus, we were up in the Adirondacks then, and did not see the newspapers,' said Mr. Waldon.

Rasmus' sudden gloom lightened. He put his arm over Robin's shoulders. 'Now, boy, I've got you, and I'll keep you, and I'll take care of you, never fear!'

'But I don't need any taking care of,' said Robin, cheerily. 'I live with Mr. Waldon, and I get a salary of eighteen hundred a year.'

'Eighteen hundred!' gasped Rasmus; 'then you don't need me no more. You're a rich man, and don't need nothin' of Rasmus. And Rod don't need me; he's found his uncle, and will go to college, and get all he wants.'

'Certainly he will,' interjected Mr. Waldon.

'But, Rasmus, I want you, if I can take care of myself. I've wanted you ever since the last day I saw you. I've had you in my mind day and night. I'm all alone in the world, and you're my brother. I tell you, my big brother Rasmus, you're not going to lose me again. I'll keep hold of you this time.'

'So you might,' said Rod, 'he is the best fellow going! He said if I didn't find my uncle he'd work days' work, and give me all his wages, and send me through college himself, and he'd have done it, too. And yesterday, when we were looking for my uncle, and came on a Peter Waldon who had a saloon, and said he was my uncle, and wanted to keep me, Rasmus was ready to fight all round rather than leave me in such a place. And he's the strongest fellow ever you saw, and the boldest; why, he's afraid of nothing!'

Greatly impressed by this eulogy of the crimson Rasmus, Mr. Waldon rose up, and shook hands a second time with much energy, declaring 'he was glad to meet him, and that Robin was glad, and that Rodney was under great obligations to him; and that though Robin was a private secretary, making his way in the world, "and down for a little something in my will," his brother Rasmus was by no means a superfluity in his existence.'

'But how did you come by Robin?' demanded Rodney.

'I made that trip West, that I wrote of to

your mother. I made it four years ago. At Denver I called on the widow of a gentleman that I had had some business relations with. I was sick at her house, and Robin here, who lived with her, was very attentive to me. I saw that he was very bright, and not fit for hard work, and I took a great fancy to him. The family had not been left well-off, and this boy was an adoption from a home in New York. I offered to charge myself with his future, and brought him East with me. I gave him a year in a good French and German school, and two years in a commercial college, and to learn telegraphy, and for a year he has been my private secretary. He has often told me of his forlorn early life, comforted only by his good brother Erasmus, and I've advertised for Rasmus, and looked for him by means of the police, hoping to restore him to Robin. Now, Robin, I think we had all better go home. We'll take our friends to the house: we can get acquainted better there.'

'Our things,' said Rodney, 'are down at a lodging-house on Vesey Street, and Mr. Llewellyn will be there to-morrow.'

'I don't know who he is,' said the old gentleman; 'but if he is a friend of yours he is welcome. Rasmus shall come in to-morrow for the things, and take Mr. Llewellyn out to the house too, and I'll make his acquaintance. Robin, telephone to Jones, the outfitter, to send a man out to the house this afternoon, to take measures and an order.'

Rasmus looked on with interest while Robin telephoned to a distant and mysterious individual known as Jones. Then they sent for a coach, and were whirled off to the station; caught a train, and rattled twenty miles into the country, and walked along a chestnut-shaded road to a great gate that opened on a lawn, and there was an old-fashioned, comfortable house, with gardens at the side and behind, and a barn some ways off, and distant cackling of hens, and cooing of pigeons, and a rising pasture-land, where cows were feeding, and a sweep of field where corn stood cut in yellow shocks. At all these sights the raptures of Rasmus broke forth.

'You never saw such a fellow,' cried Rodney laughing. 'He is just mad over horses and cows and pigs and chickens and farm-work. And the farmers all say he beats every man they ever saw for farm-work, and for a knack at everything of that sort. Why, he can graft trees and prune them, and cure sick cattle. I tell you, Rasmus ought to have been born with a farm on his hands.'

The shadow of anxiety was lifted from Rodney's heart, and he overflowed with boyish joy. He had found a relation, a kind, gracious, dignified old gentleman; he was welcome; he had a home. Rodney became in an hour or two more his real self than the repressing influences of his early life had ever allowed him to be. He talked, he joked, he laughed, he told adventures from his late trip, and his uncle heard with increasing delight.

'There is no reason why Rasmus should not have a farm on his hands, if he was not born with one,' he said.

The hastily warned housekeper prepared a great dinner. It was like the feast spread before the returned prodigal son. After dinner, 'Jones' man' came, and Rodney was placed like a lay figure, while 'Jones' man' and Mr. Waldon discussed the proper outfit for him, and Rodney was left dumb with wonder at the many things that were supposed to be needful for one boy.

Then Rasmus was called in, and 'Jones' man' took an order for him, including the long-desired suit of corduroy, and a suit of gray tweed. After this, Rasmus and Robin set off to view the farm, in its length and breadth, and Rasmus was wonder-struck at the fact of Robin's having a little pony to carry him round the farm, and to and from the station.

'You've struck it rich, Robin,' said Rasmus.

'You cannot think how good God has been to me all my life,' said Robin. 'The people who took me when I was carried West, from the Home, were just as kind as they could be. I was taught, and had every good thing. And then, Mr. Waldon has been like the best of fathers to me.'

'And you are so learned,' said Rasmus. 'I'm glad of it, but you'll be ashamed of me. I only learned to read and write, and figure some, this summer.'

'That's nothing,' said Robin. 'If you'll take lessons of me, I'll teach you every evening, until you are all right.'

Meanwhile, Mr. Waldon was leaning back commodiously in his study-chair, and Rodney, sitting on a window-sill, was rattling away heterogeneous scenes from his life. Finally he struck the theme, Rasmus, and described Rasmus' speech to the mill men, and what he was pleased to call Rasmus' courtship of the blooming Sally.

'Now, see here,' said Mr. Waldon, if he proves the right man, he shall be my farmer. I've wanted an enthusiastic, lusty farmer this long while, and Robin can keep his accounts for him. He must work up a little education. I have a fine little farm-house here, just on the rise of the hill, and why should he not marry Sally, say next spring, and settle down here?'

Then Mr. Llewellyn was described and discussed, and Mr. Waldon said if Mr. Llewellyn filled Rodney's description of him, Mr. Llewellyn should be invited to spend the winter there, and use the Waldon library, which was very good, and go to the Astor library when he needed to do so.

'And you shall go to school, Rodney, and then to college, and if you keep straight, and avoid all drinking and gaming, and all evil ways, you have a very fortunate life before you, for all I have will be yours some day.'

'I don't know how I could go very far crooked, with so many of what Rasmus calls "gardeens,"' laughed Rodney. 'I have you and Mr. Llewellyn, and Robin, and Rasmus; and Rasmus is a very peremptory sort of guardian when he chooses to be.'

And so the wanderings of Rodney and Rasmus were happily over.

The End.

The Message of Easter.

(Written for the 'Messenger' by Vera G. Vincent, aged 10, St. John, N.B.)

Do you hear it, the message of Easter,
That's voiced from the soul of the birds?
How it sings us the story of Easter,
In tones that are sweeter than words?

And the lilies! Oh, list to their message,
That's whispered in fragrance and bloom,
Of the life that is perfect in purpose,
A heart where the Master has room!

For the message of Easter is courage,
That lives through earth's darkness and cold,
And faith that is firm in its holding,
And love that can never grow old.

And love of the Christ that is risen,
Still lives in the hearts of His own,
While the story of Easter is echoed,
In blossom and odor and tone.

Till out from the failures and losses,
New strength shall arise from the fray,
And the rest of the life shall be truer,
Because of each new Easter day.

Observation.

An old story, too good to be forgotten, is that of 'The Lost Camel.'—A Dervish was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. 'You have lost a camel?' said he to the merchants. 'Indeed, we have,' they replied. 'Was he not blind in his right eye and lame in his left leg?' said the Dervish. 'He was,' replied the merchants. 'Had he lost a front tooth?' said the Dervish. 'He had,' rejoined the merchants. 'And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?' 'Most certainly he was,' they replied; 'and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can in all probability conduct us unto him.' 'My friends,' said the Dervish, 'I have never seen your camel, nor never heard of him but from you.' 'A pretty story, truly,' said the merchants, 'but where are the jewels which formed part of his cargo?' 'I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels?' repeated the Dervish. On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft. They were about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the Dervish, with great calmness, thus addressed the court: 'I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert. I knew I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one foot from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth because wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other.'

The Sun Will Shine Again.

A newsboy, thinly clad and drenched to the skin by the soaking rain, stood shivering in a doorway on a cold day in November. First one bare foot and then another was lifted from the pavement for a moment and placed against his leg to get a little warmth. Every now and then his shrill cry could be heard as he shouted, 'Morning papers! Morning papers!'

A gentleman, well protected by oilcloth coat and umbrella, in passing, stopped to buy a paper, and, noticing the boy's plight, said: 'This kind of weather is pretty hard on you, my lad.'

Looking up with a cheery smile, he replied, 'I don't mind this much, Mister. The sun will shine again.'

What a philosopher the boy was! How much better would it be if we all could learn to look at things from his stand-point! When tasks come and the path of life is difficult, cheer up. Keep a bright face and a brave heart. 'The sun will shine again.'—Selected.

Patriotism for the Kingdom of Heaven.

'The Sunday school was never so well equipped as to-day to teach the young,' says John Wanamaker. 'Trading-stamp days and methods are past, we are using the training stamp. The quality of teaching and teachers has been greatly improved. Great as is the need of good roads, in order to insure good mail service and to increase the value of properties, greater still is the need of good men and women. That's the need of the world. The day school works with the boy above the collar and below the knees, but the Sunday school cares for the heart, and the whole boy. The day school fills his arms with books, the Sunday school gives him The Book and reaches his heart. The weekday school works only on some of the boy. It says: Whatever is in him we'll get it out of him. The Sunday school says: Give me a boy, I'll teach him good religious life, not a sectarian Methodist or Baptist life. I'll make a Christian man out of him. The Sunday school is the good shepherd; it completes the child; it has a mother's heart; it is a hand that has remedies for the soul. It is as thoroughly organized as the strongest bank in the country. What is taught in the schools of to-day, will color the life of the country in twenty-five years from now. The Sunday school is as the planting of an acorn growing into a stately oak which is overspreading the world. Let us have patriotism for the kingdom of heaven as well as for the Flag.—Selected.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The Boy who 'Took the Bun.'

'The other day,' says a writer in the Australian 'Spectator,' 'I was reading of a bun-eating contest for boys that was down on the programme of a lodge sports gathering. It was thought more merriment would result by having the item before lunch.

'Five boys entered, and this is how the competition was carried out:—

'Buns were tied to a branch by a piece of twine, and they dangled just within reach of the boys' mouths. The boys' hands were tied behind their backs. A table cloth was spread on the ground, so that when the bun was eaten through the centre, and it fell, it would fall on something clean, and the boys could then finish it, for finish it they had to. All the buns were to be swung at the start, and the finish was when a competitor eat the whole of his cake and whistled "Yankee Doodle." The signal was given, and the fun to the onlookers commenced. Oh, those boys! Some tried to bite a piece out, while the "tempting morsel" was swinging, and, of course, failed. One lad chewed so hard in his endeavors that the bun string broke. By that time the other competitors had devoured almost half theirs. The game was stopped a moment while the bun was again tied up. "Off again" was the order. The poor lad tried to steady his bun, and then began again with the remark, "The Great Australian Bight" (he meant "Bite," for he took into his mouth nearly the half of it, just like a boy.) As the things slipped to the ground, so did their masters follow them. The first to finish eating said he could not whistle, but when the judges declined to accept him as the winner he managed to make a faint whistle through the line, and was declared the winner amidst wild excitement. The other three were some time in finishing, and the fourth gave up.'

The game would prove a popular one for summer picnics. It would be fun for the children if the older ones tried it in their turn.

The Outcast.

He lived in an old tumble-down cottage on the banks of the Nethan Water, about half a mile from the town. I knew him by sight and repute rather than by personal knowledge, though his shabby slouching figure was often about the Nethan streets. He was generally supposed to be half-witted, and the children in their earlier days were terrified at him, and had fastened on him the sobriquet of Bogey Bob.

Indeed he looked not unlike a bogey, with his bent figure, clad for choice in an old frock coat, and a tall hat drawn low over his shaggy, gray hair. He was also clean, however, and managed to preserve in the evil days that had fallen upon him, an air of respectability, even dignity, that surprised many. He was in receipt of regular parish relief. There had been a long dispute about it when he first landed among us, the Guardians properly holding that every pauper should become chargeable to his own parish. But the difficulty was to find Bogey Bob's parish. He seemed to be a cosmopolitan person, a veritable of the world. They got tired discussing it at length, and for well nigh twenty years he had been in receipt of his regular dole. He seemed to have taken some sudden liking to the place, for after his first coming to it he wandered no more. He took possession of the crazy cottage on the Nethan Water, and nobody said him nay. The most human thing about him seemed his love for his little garden, which he made and tended with surprising care and skill, eking out his allowance by selling fruit and vegetables in their season.

Those who had had any actual dealings with Bob spoke well of him, but he was a sad old reprobate of whom the minister could make nothing. He never darkened a kirk door, pleading his poverty, until one day, being sorely pressed, he drove the minister from the door with threatening words and angry looks, telling him flatly he had no mind to sneak into heaven holding fast by a parson's coat-tails, but would walk in straight of his own accord. I had this from Mr. Wingate's own lips. The Cairn-Nethan boys were the chief torment of the old man's life. To them he was legitimate game, and when everything else in the shape of mischief or play palled, they would hie them to Bogey Bob's cottage to stuff the keyhole or throw divots down the chimney.

Then he would out after them with his thick cudgel, chasing them down the road, with manu utterings, as they went flying before him in terror not unmixed with unholy joy. Little did they dream that he enjoyed the fun as much, if not more, than any one of them. For Bogey Bob lived for twenty long years among us, and achieved that rare distinction of keeping his real self an unsolved mystery until the day of his death. At least until it came very near, and then it was only I who saw anything of the inner man, being at the same time bound to complete and rigid silence.

It was a cold afternoon in the late March, a day of bright sunshine, but with an east wind blowing that would 'cut you in two,' which was a favorite Nethan expression. I had just piled some more coals on the fire and sent Jimmy Herd, the office boy, for my afternoon cup of tea, when one of the clerks knocked at the door.

'There's some one to see you, sir, on particular business,' he said, and I imagined a twinkle in his eye.

'Who is it?'

'It's—it's Bogey Bob, sir; but he bade me give his name as Mr. Robert Lawrence.'

'Oh, well, show Mr. Robert Lawrence in,' I said. 'Perhaps he wants to take out a summons against the laddies, Weatherhead. I saw a tribe of them on his roof only yesterday.'

The lad departed with a broadening grin, and presently returned, accompanied by my new client. He looked more respectable than usual, and wore a coat that was quite decent; also he had washed his face and brushed the tangles out of his grey hair. He now looked a respectable old book canvasser prepared to wheedle me into purchasing his wares. Weatherhead placed a chair for him, and closed the door. I bade him good-afternoon, and asked him to be seated.

Somehow he interested me not a little, even before he began to state his business. For the first time I had an opportunity of studying his appearance, which was by no means what I had hitherto imagined.

He sat there with considerable dignity, and his face was the face of an educated man, accustomed to think. And he wore his somewhat obsolete garb with the air of a man who had the right to it, rather than with the slovenliness of one who is not ashamed to wear another man's cast off clothes.

'I have come to discuss a business matter with you, Mr. Kirkland,' he said, in a quiet, well-modulated voice. 'It will take a long time, an hour at least.'

'Well, if it is to any purpose I can spare it,' I replied, and at these words he set down a little bag which he had carried in his hand when he had entered. I noticed then that his hands were blue with cold, and that he gave a quick shiver as if some sudden chill had passed over him. Also, he looked very, very old. I believed at the moment that he might be any age from seventy to a hundred.

'It is a cold afternoon, Mr. Lawrence. I said with a sudden kindly impulse. 'Come nearer to the fire, and if you are inclined to such a homely beverage, I can offer you a cup of tea.'

It was a most unprofessional and unusual procedure, but Bogey Bob was not a professional person, nor a client whom anyone could take seriously. Then all the pahos of old age, never more accentuated than in the personality of an old man, came home to me. He looked at me with a quick, surprised expression.

'You are very kind. Yes, I'll take the tea, and thank you. That's an uncommon biting wind, and on the Boddam road you get its full blast.'

I rang the bell, and Jimmy brought in the little tray. When he saw who sat on the chair he nearly dropped it in his sheer fright, for he had once been a chief offender in the torment of Bogey Bob. The old man's eye twinkled as the lad incontinently disappeared.

'I remember his face, he's one o' the deils of Nethan, but they make the best men. Gie me a perfeck 'o' a laddie, there's something in him he can lick into shape.'

I agreed, and handed him a cup of hot tea, which he drank gratefully. It brought the color back to his wan face, and drove the cold, wet moisture from his eyes. But he would eat nothing, and immediately he began to fumble with the fastening of the bag, from which he brought presently a great mass of papers of all sorts neatly tied together, with quite professional-looking red tape.

'There's a goodish bit of business here, Mr. Kirkland, and it's time I got it put straight. I'm six years by the allotted span, and my days are numbered.'

'Are you feeling ill?'

'I am ill,' he replied shortly. 'I need no doctor. I can doctor myself, and if I was put to it, tell exactly how long I have to live.'

'That would be very convenient for some of us,' I suggested. 'Well, Mr. Lawrence, what's the business?'

I regarded him as a harmless lunatic, and expected nothing but that the papers he handled so carefully would prove a mere mass of rubbish. But in an idle hour, at the close of a very full day, I could afford to humor him. Suddenly he looked me full in the face.

'I see that you think any business poor Bogey Bob might have to do could not be worth much; perhaps not, but we'll see. Tell me, Mr. Kirkland, have you ever wondered where I came from, or whom I might be?'

I shook my head. I could not honestly say that any such curiosity had disturbed the even tenor of my way.

'Or that I could have anything to leave, but I've come here to get you to make my will, or rather to attest it, for it is made already.'

Now the use of the word attest, no less than his whole attitude and expression, betrayed not only the educated man, but the man who had been accustomed to think and to decide large issues for himself. My interest began to quicken. Perhaps there was some mystery here, deeper and farther-reaching than anybody dreamed.

'You will pardon me for saying that I could not expect a man in your circumstances to have much to leave.'

He sat back in his chair and looked at me again with that straight, somewhat sad look.

'What are my circumstances?'

I felt for the moment put out. Somehow it seemed difficult to look him in the face and tell him he was a pauper, which was, however, the exact and true fact of the case.

'It's a queer world,' he said, amusingly, without waiting for my reply, which relieved me considerably. 'And a fool world as well, judging a man always by the price of the coat that is on his back.'

'It is sometimes the only guide we have,' I made answer. 'We might as well say it is unjust to judge a man by the company he keeps.'

'Well, maybe. Look here, Mr. Kirkland, it's my will I want you to make. Shall we get to business at once?'

'Certainly if you like, I'm waiting,' I said, and I suppose my lips must have smiled. Then Bogey Bob set his mouth in a long stern curve, and taking a big sheet of foolscap from among the rest of his collection, cleared his throat.

I want you to listen; this is my last will and testament, and when you have heard it we can discuss the contents afterwards.'

'All right,' I answered. 'May I get my pipe, Mr. Lawrence? It is not business, but this is a little out of the ordinary way of business, I think.'

He paused, and looked me straight in the face.

'It's as good business as you ever did in your life, and that you'll prove. I'd rather you'd give me your whole attention, without the pipe.'

'Oh, very well,' I said, slightly nettled. 'Go ahead.'

(To be continued.)

LITTLE FOLKS

Clever Doggies.

Did you ever hear of a dog that could go shopping for its mistress? Good old Hero many a time has gone with a note to the bakers and returned with some nice fresh rolls

in his basket safely covered with a white napkin.

Another very wise dog, I was reading of the other day, used to be given a penny sometimes to go to the bakers and buy a bun for himself. He was noticed with fresh buns sometimes on days when he had been given no money, and by close watching, his master found that sometimes, when he was given money and was not hungry, he would hide the penny in a safe place, to scratch it up later and buy just when he pleased.

Another dog who was a great pet, was one day sent to the butcher's with a note from his master, 'Please give Towser a sausage and charge to me.' The butcher did so and Towser had a fine dinner. Nearly every day Towser came with his note and got his dinner in this way. At the end of the month the bill was sent in and the master at once came down to say that something must be wrong, as he had only given Towser four or five 'meat orders.' The shrewd dog had found that a piece of white paper was worth his dinner, and had hunted up blank slips for himself and brought them to the butcher who, after having read the first few orders, took the rest without reading them, and gave Towser the meat.

Here is the picture of another clever dog, clever again over his food, for that is what a dog might be expected to think of, isn't it? At a Salvation Army colony, the people were each supplied with a dinner. Each one coming would ring a bell and his portion would be passed out through a small trap door by an attendant who often did not see the person outside at all. A dog watched one after an-

other do this, and when the coast was clear, pulled the bell. Out came the dinner which it very quickly ate. This was done for several days before the doggie was found out.

Runaway Ralph.

'I won't stay here another minute, so there!' pouted little Ralph Perkins. 'There's always something horrid to do next. In the morning, I must get up if I'm ever so sleepy, comb my hair, and bother with shoe strings and neckties that are 'most sure to get into knots. It's just the same all day; if grandfather doesn't ask me to do an errand, mother is sure to want the chickens fed, or a basket of apples, or some wood, or something! I'll go where a boy can have a little fun, and I guess every one will miss me.' So filling his pockets with ginger cookies and some doughnuts that grandmother was frying, he said: 'Good-by, grandmother; I'm going away to find a real jolly place. I'm tired of living on a stupid old farm.'

'Good-by, dearie,' smiled grandmother. 'Come back to Thanksgiving dinner, and eat some of my pumpkin pie and turkey.'

'Why-ee!' thought Ralph; grandmother doesn't care at all; but I guess my mother will be sorry that she made me work so hard.'

Mother looked surprised when the eager little boy told his story.

'Very well, Ralph,' she said as she kept on sewing: 'only look out for snakes and spiders and cross dogs; when it gets dark be sure you find a dry place to sleep. Good-by.'

'She never even kissed me!' thought Ralph dolefully.

'Better take along some of these apples, my boy,' called grandmother from the orchard. 'You'll get hungry by and by.'

'Ralph's going to run away!' cried his sister Amy. 'Oh, goody! Now I can have all the cup custards.'

'Amy is really glad I'm going,' thought Ralph, slamming the gate; 'and nobody seems to care much.' Running away did not seem such a grand frolic after all.

Just at dusk, a tired little fellow crept softly through the hedge of lilacs, around the grape vine to the piazza and made a wild rush for mother's arms.

'I couldn't find a good place to sleep, mother,' he sobbed. 'There wasn't any fun; folks were cross that lived where there were lawn swings and croquet balls, and nobody wanted me at all and there's cross dogs and policemen and everything! I'll bring in wood and run errands all day to-morrow, mother! Amy can have the cup custards if she want's 'em, but please, grandmother, I'd like another doughnut.'

—'The Sunbeam.'

The Captain's Orders.

'How is it I don't seem to hear you speak bad words?' asked an 'old salt' of a boy on board a man-of-war.

'Oh, 'cause I don't forget my Captain's orders,' answered the boy brightly.

'Captain's orders!' cried the old sailor. 'I didn't know he gave any.'

'He did. Here they are. I will read them over. "I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool."

'"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."'

'From the good old log-book,' said the sailor. 'Yes, you've got your orders.'—Selected.

Nature Study.

This dear little goose of a girlie,
Who ever had notions like hers?
'If I lived in an evergreen forest.
I'd never be cold!' she avers.
And how could that happen, my dearest?
'Why, 'cause'—her reply is the clearest—
'I'd go to the fir-tree that's nearest,
And buy me a nice set of furs!'
—'Century.'

The Remorseful Cakes.

A little boy named Thomas ate
Hot buckwheat cakes for tea—
A very rash proceeding, as
We presently shall see.

He went to bed at eight o'clock,
As all good children do,
But scarce had closed his little eyes,
When he most restless grew.

He dreamt a great big lion came
And ripped and raved and roared—
While on his breast two furious bulls
In mortal combat gored.

He dreamt he heard the flop of wings
Within the chimney flue—
And down there crawled, to gnaw his ears,
An awful bugaboo!

When Thomas rose next morn his face
Was pallid as a sheet;
'I never more,' he firmly said,
'Will cakes for supper eat!'
—Eugene Field.

Patty's Penny.

(By Georgia M. Root, in 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

O, the beauty of that store window! Patty Price stood before it with her brown eyes round with anticipation of good things to come. Her bare toes burrowed into the sand and stones without feeling their hardness; her two short braids quivered with excitement, and one little brown hand clasped tightly the penny that was to purchase so much happiness.

What should it be? One thing she knew—it was to be candy, for it was so long since she had tasted any that her mouth watered for it. From the chocolate sticks, so tempting in their rich brownness, her eyes turned to the gayly-colored papers of peppermint and wintergreen lozenges, and then strayed on to brighten into determination as she saw a box of colored candy marbles, such beautiful marbles, and six for one cent! 'Two for each of us,' said Patty to herself, for she was a generous little soul and always remembered little brother and sister at home.

So intent was she on her choice that she did not hear the sound of wheels, nor did she see her good friend, the rural postman, jump from his delivery waggon with the big mail bag in his hand. But he saw her, and his jolly face broadened into a smile as he said:

'Hullo, Patty! Going to buy Miss Brown out?'

She turned, smiling brightly, and answered, 'Hullo, Mr. Rice.'

Then she went up to him and slipped one hand confidingly into the big one held out to her saying, 'See what I found this morning,' and, opening the other hand, displayed the moist treasure within.

'Why, let's see that penny, Patty,' said the postman with a twinkle in his bright eye. 'Why, that looks just like the one I lost yesterday afternoon!'

Then it was Mr. Rice's penny and not hers at all! Poor Patty! her heart seemed to sink right down into her feet, it was such a disappointment. Well one thing was certain, she wouldn't enjoy buying candy right under his very eyes with a penny that he had said was his. So she slipped away while the postman went on into the office never thinking again of his joking words.

She would go and ask Mother if she ought to give it back to him. Mother always knew what it was best to do. So in haste she came into the room where her mother sat mending little garments in all stages of dilapidation, and with words tumbling over one another in their hurry, and with some tears, finally made herself understood.

Mrs. Price put her arm around Patty and drew her close, while her other worn hand gently smoothed the roughened hair.

'Mother knows it's hard to give it up, dear, when you have so few pennies to spend for yourself, and she's sorry for her little girl. But Mother knows, too, that you do not want anything that does not belong to you, and that you will be a brave girl and give the penny to Mr. Rice as he comes along. There he comes up the street now!'

Patty gave her mother a kiss, wiped some tears away, and hurried out to the gate where Mr. Rice spied her standing as he came driving along. He saw her little outstretched hand, and, as he reined up his horse, heard her childish voice, 'Here's your penny, Mr. Rice.'

For the first time, he remembered his words at the office.

'Why, Patty, child,' he began, 'did you think I really meant that that was the penny I lost? Bless your heart, I lost my penny in a village ten miles away. Now run right off and spend that one quick before any one else claims it.' And with a hearty laugh and a 'get up there' to his old horse he drove off.

Mrs. Price, watching from the window, smiled and said, 'I guess it's all right,' as she saw Patty's flying feet disappearing down the street, and a little later she was sure for Patty burst in vehemently, demanding: 'Where's Ruth and Bennie? I've got something for them.'

Then, with a big hug for her mother: 'He was just joking, Mother, and I didn't have to give it to him at all. But I'm glad I did what you told me to for I feel lots better inside.'

And Mother said, 'I knew you would.'

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Correspondence

E., Scotland.

Dear Editor,—I have been looking to see if you get any letters from here, but as it is so far away, I have not seen any yet. I go to school about three minutes' walk from where I stay, and I am in the fifth standard. I have an uncle and aunt at St. Catharines, from whom I get the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I will be twelve on the last day of July. I am sending you some anagrams:

1st. There is a room with four corners; there is a cat in each corner; three cats sitting before each cat, and a cat on each cat's tail. How many cats are in the room?

2nd. Twice eight are ten of us, ten of us are three of us, and nine of us but four; six of us are three of us, and five of us but four?

JEMIMA SWAN.

V., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think I know the answer to Sarah Paul's puzzle. It is a candle burning, because the longer the candle stands the shorter it grows, because the light burns the candle and makes it shorter. I go to school nearly every day. I am in the third book.

R. BROOMHEAD.

N. G., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old, and go to school nearly every day. I am in the 4th book. I have been taking the 'Messenger' nearly a year, and like it very much. I saw some riddles in the last 'Messenger,' and I will send answers to a few of them. Why are A, E and U the handsomest of vowels? Because they are all found in beauty. What can run, but cannot walk? A train. What has a tongue, but cannot talk? A boot. What comes once in every minute, twice in every moment, and not once in seven years? The letter M.

EMERSON WARREN.

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live in a small village, but we have quite a few large stores here. On the 1st of February, about six o'clock in the morning, a fire caught in a barber shop, and the barber shop, the butcher shop, the doctor's office, and the Public Library were burned. I tried the Entrance Examination last June, but I failed. I saw in Z. L. Foster's letter the question, 'How many words are there in the Bible?' I think the answer is 773,746 words. I also saw in Verna's letter the question: 'Where is the world girl found in the Bible?' I think it is mentioned in Joel, the third verse of third chapter.

DOROTHY McLEOD.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years of age, and I go to school every day. I am in the fourth reader. For pets I have a dog named 'Laddie,' a cat and a canary named 'Dick.'

I am very fond of reading. Some books I have read are: the 'Elsie Series,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'In his Steps,' 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' and a great many others.

I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same date as mine (March 19).

SENETH E. M.

S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a number of years. We all like your paper very much. I don't go to school this winter, but am staying home to help mamma. I have two sisters and one brother; they go to school every day. My grandpa was our Baptist Minister for thirty-six years. He was greatly loved. He died about two years ago, and we all miss him so much. We have another pastor, his name is Mr. L., we all like him, and as he is a young man he is more able to carry on the church work. I go to Sunday school, and am in the second junior grade. This is quite a busy place in the summer time. The Gypsum Co. from New York have a number of steel barges and vessels to be loaded, besides a great number of other sailing vessels which load with lumber. In winter the ice closes up our river, and it is not quite so pleasant.

ANNIE WETHERS (age 14).

S. T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl just going on twelve years of age. I am also answering and sending some puzzles. One answer to a puzzle in March is, 'What can run but cannot walk?' Answer, 'Water.' Second puzzle, 'What has a tongue but cannot talk?' Answer, 'Waggon.' Third puzzle, 'What is it which comes once every minute, twice every moment, but not once in seven years?' Answer, the letter 'M.' I am also sending one. Where is the word razor found in the Bible?, and what is the longest word in the Bible?. I hope these two will be answered.

DOROTHY L. EMERY.

Y., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to school nearly every day, and I am in the fifth grade. Our teacher's name is Miss T. We all like her very much. I have two brothers and two sisters. I am the youngest of the family. Eva M. Nichols was asking a riddle, which is: What is big at the bottom, little at the top, thing in the middle goes wibetywop? Is an old-fashioned churn. There was another riddle in the 'Messenger': What word, if one letter is deducted from it will make you sick? I think the answer is music. I enjoy reading the letters to the 'Messenger' very much.

C. L. BAIN (age 12).

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have just begun to take the 'Messenger,' and as I looked through it I came to the Correspondence page, which I read with great pleasure. I am fourteen years old, and am in the fifth reader. I will answer two puzzles. 1. A thing that runs but cannot walk is a river. 2. A thing that is large at the bottom, small at the top, a thing in the centre goes whipitiwop, is your throat.

W. SMITH.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I take it, and I like it very well. I saw some riddles. I think I have got the answer to. Norris Harries's riddle is the 'donkey up,' and Eva Nichols's is a 'churn.'

WILLIE B.

Y. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our school has an attendance of about fifty pupils. Our Christmas entertainment last year was a success, although it was a disagreeable evening we had a fine time. The programme consisted of a cantata entitled the 'Coming of Santa.' The book I got for attending Sunday School was 'Girls of the True Blue.' This year we are learning verses to see who can receive the best book.

CLARA A. MILLS (age 14).

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' The answer to Sarah E. Paul's riddle is a candle, and the answer to Amy Froat's riddle is a dog, and the dog's name was Yet, and he walked. I like the story of 'Rasmus, or the making of a Man' very much. My little sister takes the 'Northern Messenger.' She is six years old, and when she was seven months old she and mamma went through a railway bridge in a train. The bridge was seventy-two feet high.

DELLA HETHERINGTON.

N., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think the answer to Eva M. Nichols's riddle is a churn. The answer to Joseph W. T.'s riddle is 117th Psalm. E. Donaldson put in three riddles, two of which I can answer. The first one is water, and the other is a shoe.

I hope someone will answer my riddle:

His eyes went to London, so he took off his cap and drew off his gloves, what was his name, I told you in it?

We did not have much sleighing nor skating here, but what we had we made good use of. I got a pair of skates this winter, and had lots of fun learning to skate.

EMORY D.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Jug.' Laura Innes, R. H.
2. 'A girl.' Elmer B., A., Ont.
3. 'What makes a house look pleasant.' Grace Mathewson (10), A., Mont.
4. 'The summer sea.' Augusta Metcalf (9), B., Ont.
5. 'Sweet pea.' Lester B. Mahar (10), W., N.E.
6. 'Two little maids.' Shirley Hood, H., Ont.
7. 'Hoppy.' Roy W. Gottfried, (10), S., Ont.
8. 'A bunch of roses.' Margaret Shipley.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 10, 1906.

Peter's Great Confession.

Matthew xvi., 13-28.

Golden Text.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—Matt. xvi., 16.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 4.—Matt. xvi., 13-28.
Tuesday, June 5.—Matt. xvi., 1-12.
Wednesday, June 6.—Mark viii., 22-30.
Thursday, June 7.—John xx., 19-29.
Friday, June 8.—Luke ix., 18-27.
Saturday, June 9.—Mark viii., 10-21.
Sunday, June 10.—Matt. xviii., 15-20.

(By Davis W. Clark).

In His last year, Jesus turned from the multitude and concentrated His energies upon His disciples. His ministry to the throng had proven a failure. His pearls of word and deed had fallen before a brutish people. To perpetuate His church after His departure, He turns to trim and square and polish His apostles—as the foundation-stones that are to bear aloft the superstructure. With this in view, He led them to Decapolis and Tyre and Sidon and Caesarea-Philippi, localities where He was comparatively unknown. In such places His course of private instruction would be least interrupted by public demands. . . . Philip's Caesarea was in what has aptly been called 'the Switzerland of Palestine.' There was the ever-startling contrast between arctic white and tropic emerald. As they walked amid the oleanders and beside the gushing fountain, source of the Jordan, they could lift their eyes to snow-clad Hermon and Lebanon. It was a school-room worthy at once of teacher and taught. . . . It was here that Jesus propounded that immeasurably important question, 'Who do men say that I, the Son of Man?' The question was only asked that it might produce that dark back-ground of an inadequate and erroneous public opinion on which the fair confession of the apostles might stand out in pristine contrast. . . . What a medley of opinions! Some joined guilty Antipas in the suspicion that He was the Baptist come to life again; others, that He was the fiery old reformer of Carmel; others, the weeping prophet, come to guide them to the crypt of nature, where He had hidden the golden ark of the temple. Not a soul of the people rose to the height of recognizing Him as the Messiah. Jesus got exactly the answer He had anticipated. He could not have been disappointed or chagrined by it. . . . He did expect more of the chosen ones who had been His intimate companions for two years. In this, too, He was not disappointed. He cried, 'The people say 'his and that; but what do you say?' Then that glorious sanctuary of nature rang with the simplest, sublimest credo of all the ages, as the 'mouth of the apostles' cried, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.' In that word, Peter burst the shell of an hereditary and universal misconception of the nature of the Messiah. He first spread the wings of a true Messianic faith, and soared above the temporal ideas of throne, army and conquest. . . . At the sound of this confession, Jesus was in a transport of joy It repaid Him for all the toil, humiliation and sacrifice of His ministry. But while joyously setting the seal of approval on Peter's creed, He also avows its supernatural source. It came not from flesh and blood. It originated not in himself, nor in some human teacher. It was a revelation of the Father in heaven. . . . But what is the meaning of this crucial affirmation? I do not join with those who say that Jesus addressed Peter only as the spokesman of the apostles, and that what He said to Peter applied equally to all; nor with those who say that Peter's confession, not Peter's self, was the rock on which Jesus built His church. There are current Protestant interpretations, but they seem to require the subtlety sometimes attributed to Romanism for their defence. . . . I would rather take the language just as it stands, and admit that Jesus built His church upon the man Peter. But he is such a man as Jesus describes—a man with a revelation; a revelation that did not originate in himself or in a fellow, but one that came from God; a revelation received with faith and acknowledged with joy. It is the man as a confessor that forms the basis of the church. The confession apart, be it never so orthodox, is a dead thing, but the confession on the lips and in the character is the livest thing in the world. . . . Well says the apostle, 'No man can say that Jesus is the Christ except God be with him.' Of course, any one could say the words by rote and parrot-like, but no one can say them as they should be said, in a manner pleasing to God, with right emotions, with faith and love and loyalty, until he has become a new creature by the regeneration of the Holy Ghost. In point of time, Peter was the first to make confession in this manner. He was laid, therefore, to use an oft-repeated figure of the New Testament, as the first living stone upon the chief corner-stone. So everyone who says that Jesus is the Christ—not by revelation of flesh and blood, but of the Spirit which has made him a new creature—becomes at once a living stone, in that spiritual temple whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The gates of hades, the insatiable jaws, soon or late, close upon all this world contains. The powerful, the beautiful, the wise, all alike, sink down in death. Institutions, arts, sciences, literatures, governments, the remorseless doors of oblivion close upon them. But one thing survives the universal wreck. Jesus says: 'My church . . . the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' One thing, and that the best the earth contains, escapes the gaping mouth of death. . . . Peter's Pentecostal sermon was that heaven-given key with which he opened the door of grace to three thousand souls at once. . . . The positive enactments (whatsoever thou shalt bind), the abrogations (whatsoever thou shalt loose), the legislation incidental to the growth of the church, shall be approved and confirmed in heaven. . . . Public annunciation of Messiahship was premature. The glorious seal of His resurrection from the dead had not yet been affixed to His credentials. So Jesus cautioned His apostles against proclaiming Him as the Christ. . . . Sudden revulsion of feeling naturally followed, when, with the same breath with which Jesus affirmed the persistent survival of His church, He warned His apostles of His own approaching suffering and cruel death. . . . Flesh and blood reasserted itself in Peter, when, in strongest deprecation, he cried, 'Pity thyself, Lord!' As Van Ammon remarks, he was inclined to 'put Christ under care as an enthusiast who occupied himself with melancholy thoughts.' The foundation stone, prized and honored by the Master a moment before with the inveterateness of human nature, suddenly transforms itself into a stumbling-block in his path. . . . Stier says, with his proverbially fine insight: 'It was, in fact, a severe and deep-searching temptation for Jesus—this word of His dear Peter, springing from a zeal which at heart was so well meant. He is sensitive upon the things He must suffer. The apostle's flesh and blood expresses also what the flesh of the Son of Man, resisting in human weakness, had, long previous to Gethsemane, begun to say in him.'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 10.—Topic—Christ's life. VI. His relations to His disciples, and what He expects of us. Matt. x., 16-33.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A PRAISE MEETING.

Monday, June 4.—A song of Moses. Ex. xv., 1-4.

Tuesday, June 5.—Miriam's song. Ex. xv., 20, 21.

Wednesday, June 6.—Deborah's song.—Judges v., 1-5.

Thursday, June 7.—Hezekiah's praise meeting. II. Chron. xxix., 30.

Friday, June 8.—David's praise meeting. I. Chron. xvi., 4-15

Saturday, June 9.—Praise ye the Lord. Ps. cxlvi., 1,2.

Sunday, June 10.—Topic—One of David's songs of praise. II. Sam. xxii., 1-4.

Far too much of our church, society and individual work is attempted in and through the mere human. Let us ever strive to realize that the utmost we can hope to become is a voice, a pen, a hand, an arrow, a something (never a nothing) in the control of our Lord. It is honour enough for any child of man to be used in any way, in any place, in any manner. Higher honor than being used by Jesus Christ is impossible. Morning and noon and evening let us cultivate the habit of ascertaining whether we are being used by our Lord or whether we are simply using ourselves.—'Morning Star.'

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

PLEASE SHOW this to your Minister, Superintendent or some other friend.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three** months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of **FIVE** cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

Messrs.
John Dougall & Son,
Publishers,
'Witness' Building,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

Name of new Subscriber.....

Address.....

'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new serial, will begin in next week's 'Messenger.'

Practical Temperance.

Some time ago the Boston and Maine Railroad, at the suggestion of its president, bought a hotel at Rotterdam, N.Y., where liquor had previously been freely sold, and turned it into a headquarters for religious work among the railroad men who congregate in large numbers in that town so full of saloons The investment has already paid excellently well in moral result, and we believe also in pecuniary returns. The tone of the railroad men has greatly improved, and the work they now do is of a higher grade. This was certainly a very practical way to fight the saloons—by buying out the devil, as it were. A good work is also being done among the railroad men at Woodsville, in New Hampshire, on the line of the Boston and Maine, which is a growing railway junction point. . The president of this road is deserving of high praise for his efforts to improve the morals of the Boston and Maine force since he became president of the company. He evidently believes that practical religion is a true friend, both to capital and labor.—'Morning Star.'

In the Stocks.

Drunkenness in the time that is often erroneously referred to as the 'good old days,' was punished by placing the sinner in the stocks, where he was made the sport of all passers-by.

In the year 1605 an Act was passed making the fine for the offence of too much drink five shillings, or six hours in the stocks.

Cardinal Wolsey was, about the year 1500, the incumbent of Lymington, near Yeovil, and at the village feast he overstepped the limits of temperance, with the result that Sir Amias Poulett, who was the local magistrate, and a strict moralist, ordered him to be confined in the village stocks.

A curious use of the stocks was made by the constables, who were entitled as of right by common law, to use them as a sort of handcuffs. If they caught an unruly prisoner, they were allowed to place him temporarily in the stocks, pending the arrival of assistance to take him to the lock-up.—'Temperance Leader.'

Why Take Chances.

It was in the early morning hours. No one was about but the attaches of the mission when this derelict 'blew in.' He had no hat, no coat, no collar, no shoes. His visible garb consisted of shirt, trousers, and socks. Where was the rest of his clothing? He had sold it for drink. Yes! sold it for drink and acknowledged it. Do you know what that frenzy is? God forbid. You do know what thirst is? That is nothing compared with the drunkard's desire for drink. Is not the young man or woman a fool who takes chances on such experiences when safety is assured by abstinence?

Most young men and some young women put themselves in danger of drunkenness. Jack, Charlie and Mary and a host of others say: 'Why, I am in no danger of abusing myself with drink. A glass of wine or beer will hurt no one.' There are thousands of drunkards in this State. From whence did they come? Out of the multitude of tipplers! How do you know that it will not be you next?

'But,' it may be urged, 'I do not belong to the same social order as these drunkards.' Come with me.

Blackwell's Island in the East River is known almost everywhere the same New York is known. There is the most conspicuous 'workhouse' in America. Who are its inmates? Principally men and women who were sent there because of drink. Ninety per cent. of the prisoners are the product of New York 'gin-mills.' Fully 50 per cent. of all commitments are 'drunks.' From what rank in life do these people come? Perhaps it would be difficult to make a very correct census, as most prisoners conceal their identity as much as possible. One incident that came under my personal observation shows something of the motley throng as well as the social character of it. The van in which the prisoners were taken from the station-house to court was over-crowded—two prisoners must sit on the seat with the driver in full view of the jeering crowds in the streets through which they pass. There were a negro and a white man handcuffed to each other. Together they had occupied the same cell the preceding night. The white man was a professional man, a graduate of college, university, and professional school. He was, or had been, refined, cultured, and sensitive. The creature to whom he was chained was without other raiment than trousers and shoes. He was black as ebony. He had not long been in this country. On both cheeks, from eyes to mouth, were three deep hideous scars, the insignia of some repulsive heathen rite or fetish. He was a barbarian from some Pacific island or interior Africa. Together these two faced the judge—the barbarian first, the collegian next—both charged with drunkenness. Both received the same sentence: 'Ten dollars or ten days.' Together to the 'Island' they went. Their association, begun in the station house, was continued in the same cell throughout the incarceration on the Island. Why take chances on such an experience when you may eliminate it by total abstinence?

There is another place where this is even better seen. That is Bellevue Hospital. Have you heard of the alcoholic ward there? If possible, go visit it. If there can be on earth a nearer approach to hell than Ward 32, Bellevue, may I never see it! Man after man tied to his iron bed in the embrace of the rum demon, raging with blood-curdling but impotent profanity in hell-sent delirium. (Sometimes every bed is full and the floor covered with mattresses, so great is the demand upon this ward). Who are the poor wretches? Professional men, business men, mechanics, every class. Why take chances on filling such a bed when total abstinence from thy youth up will effectually protect you against it?

The old M'Auley Mission in New York, which for eighteen years, under the superintendency of S. H. Hadley, himself a transformed inebriate, doubtless has received more drunkards through its doors than any other institution on earth. Whom do you find there? Yes, the man from the lowest walks of life, sociologically. By this I mean those born in the low environment and without great endowment. But you will find the professional man, the business man, and the skilled mechanic as well. One week in August last, to this mission came two clergymen at different times. Neither had a coat, one had no outside shirt, only an undershirt. One had fled from his charge drunk but a few days before. The same week there were at the mission men who had been prosperous in business and other professions. An attorney who had held important offices in England and New York 'drifted' in to plead for a prayer in his behalf. He was but partly clad, and covered with vermin. The former manager of large apartment houses was another visitor, and he, too, was ragged and filthy, I am telling what I do know and what I with my own eyes have seen.

The other night in the mission I heard a business man say:—'A young man who is known to drink will have a hard time getting a job in this town.' He uttered the keynote of the present business policy. The young fellow who hopes to get on in the world to-day cannot experiment with drink. The world is moving so fast, and competition is so sharp, that an office or store, bank or factory, does not have to deal with the uncertain contingency of drink. Ability, talent, genius will not save you any longer. There was a time when the supply was not equal to the demand, when the 'brilliant' fellow had trial after trial given him. The supply is equal to if not greater than the demand today. Firms will not be annoyed with the trouble of a drinking man when they may secure the services of one who does not drink. Suppose you want any kind of job to-day in our larger cities. What is the first question? 'Do you drink?' The ordinary laborer is now-a-days asked for 'references as to temperate habits.' The laborers at work in the great tunnel under the East River between Manhattan and Brooklyn must be total abstainers, both by order of the contractor and the edict of Nature. The contractor cannot afford to have the danger of a drinking man in that tunnel.

Not so long ago the idea was prevalent that much of the brilliant achievement of the ages was the inspiration of the cup. The poet and romancer of all ages and in almost every literature has given rein to fancy in describing the pleasures and brilliant achievements of wine and other inebriating drugs. The notable exceptions are found in the religious literatures of Mohammedan and Jew. History is challenged to produce one monument to human ideas or ingenuity begotten by drink. Among all the treasures of art and literature, among all the structures of commerce and industry, there is not one surviving product of the cup.

No state has been erected; no battle won; no architectural wonder conceived; no deathless song ever sung; no life-like statue chiselled; no soul-thrilling picture painted; no epoch-making oration uttered; no great fortune or business founded by men influenced by drink.

'Ah!' someone will say, 'what of Byron and Poe?' There is no record of either of these having written anything that has lived when 'in drink.' Neither did Burns. True, some things are the aftermath of debauch, when the soul falls back upon itself in utter distress, and wails forth its penitence in some deathless minor, as did David in the 51st Psalm. This but proves the contention that such things could not have been born of drink.

The greatest material argument for total abstinence in modern times is the defeat of Russia by Japan. Russian soldiers and sailors were notoriously intemperate, consuming great quantities of vodka. The Japanese are conspicuously temperate, abstinent. The world is beginning to see that drink reduces the value of a man and jeopardises the virtue of a woman.

Now, drunkenness is but an expression of sin peculiar to some temperaments. Surrender to Christ, and the living of the life that He lived will make efficient total abstinence and also gain Eternal Life.—'Lincoln Magazine.'

'One clearly recognizes that alcoholism is not simply a physical disease but also a great moral malady, and we therefore seek to lead the patient to look upon life in a new way; to persuade him to give up false friends and old associations; and to make up his mind that in the future he will under no circumstances whatever touch the poison that has ruined his past.'—S. Backwell Fenn, L.R.C.P., in 'British Medical Journal.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountian Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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NOTE — Premiums, Clubs and other special subscription offers are not available for the City of Montreal and Suburbs.

HOUSEHOLD.

Sewing and Applied Art.

'In the question, "Will the woman of the future sew?"' says a writer in the 'New Idea Woman's Magazine,' lies much significance. It means more than the actual words of the query. Indeed, woman's relation to the needle is changing in exact relation to the evolution of the home, concerning which we hear so much in these days. So, in discussing the question, "Will she sew?" one necessarily discusses the future of our home life.

'Sewing has been since time immemorial looked upon as woman's most practical occupation, unless we except cookery. Even twenty years ago the girl who couldn't sew was considered rather a poor candidate for marriage. Of course, she should know how to sew. It went without saying. And she generally did. Moreover, she was prepared to do, and intended to do, a large share of the sewing for her children.

'Those same children of hers are by this time growing up, and it is to be doubted if any one of the daughters contemplates making the bulk of her children's clothing. Not that they are lazier or less willing to work.

'No, the change is due to the progress of the people as a whole. Machinery, department stores, the new occupations in which women engage—these are among the influences that not only reduce the cost of buying the clothing our mothers used to make with such weary stitches, but they have given women so many new things to do that the old-time sewing is a waste of time. It is poor business to spend a week making one's child a summer dress when you can earn in any one of a dozen ways, in the same time, enough money to buy the child all the dresses she needs for the season. . . .

'And yet it is the opinion of a good many people who have thought on the subject that sewing will become more popular with women than ever before. One often hears men say:—"I like to see women sew! I'd hate to think they'd stop sewing."

'Such men may quiet their fears. The moment any useful art is taken out of the class of drudgery and is elevated to the rank of pleasant accomplishment, it finds countless new devotees. Precisely this elevation is taking place with sewing. It is passing into the field of applied arts.

'The elements of beauty and usefulness combined are strong enough to keep almost anything alive. Women are developing these possibilities in sewing and are leaving to manufacturers and wholesale dealers the heavy, routine work that was always too arduous a task for them. They thus become conservers of the finest elements in a fine art.'

The Mother's Pitfall.

The dangers that cluster about the untried feet of the young mother begin from the very first dawnings of her babe's intelligence. Long before she dreams of his knowing anything, or receiving mental impressions, the seeds are sowing for good or ill in his character. I have watched the growth of weeds that, with the lightest touch, might have been flipped away from the tender soil; but time passed by, and the intruder flourished apace. Get control of your child during the first three years and you are sure of him. The habit of disobedience and deference firmly rooted then, he will never fail you in after years when he has slipped the apron-leash. 'Oh!' but the darling is too little to whip,' says the young mother. It may not be necessary to whip. I have seen a rebellious infant conquered by holding his hands. You give him no pain, but when his struggles fail to set him free, he comes soon to learn that your will is stronger than his own, and he bows to that authority. I knew a mother whose eyes were all-powerful to control. She had only to look her disapprobation, and the naughty behavior ceased at once.—'Womankind.'

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The Most Nutritious and Economical.

Religious Notes.

The following represents graphically the growth of foreign missions: 1800, the foreign missionary societies numbered 7; 1900, they numbered over 500; 1800, the income of seven societies amounted to about $50,000; 1900, the income is over $15,000,000; 1800, the number of native communicants enrolled in Protestant mission churches was 7,000; 1900, there are now 1,500,000 native communicants; 1800, the adherents of Protestant churches in heathen lands were estimated at 1,500; 1900, they number 3,500,000; 1800 not one unmarried woman missionary in all heathen lands; 1900, there are at least 2,575; 1800, medical missions were unknown; 1900, there are now more than 500 medical missionaries, one-fourth of this number being women.

It is estimated that 40,000,000 women are to be found shut away in the zenanas of India who can never be seen or prescribed for by a man physician. What a sum of misery and pain this fact represents! How wide a field awaits here the women physicians of our own and other lands whom the love of their Master shall lead into this service!—'International Medical Missionary Report.'

The United States churches gave for foreign missions last year about $6,000,000.

The proprietor of a newly furnished New York City hotel has given an order to a publishing house for 200 Bibles. 'I have been hearing a lot lately,' he said, 'about hotel guests going wrong because there were no Bibles in their rooms. Several years ago it was the practice of many hotels to include a Bible in the list of necessary furniture. Gradually the people who were back of the enterprise lost interest and the books disappeared. It now seems that many persons, particularly commercial travellers, complain of missing them. Frequently they read a chapter before going to bed just to drive away the blues, but now they never get a chance to look inside a Bible. That being the case, it shall not be said that any man stopping at my house is driven to perdition for the want of a Bible.'

The Hedjaz Railway, which is to unite Damascus with Mecca, is being built for the purpose of carrying pilgrims to and from the latter, the holy city of Mussulmans. For the larger part of its course of some 1,200 miles the railway will pass through deserts, idle and unfertile regions. Still, it will benefit some of the country about the Jordan, a district whose crops have no market on account of the want of transportation; and branch lines for commercial and industrial uses will be constructed. From Damascus to Maan, about 400 miles, the line has been doing business for some months. The Germans superintend the undertaking, and Turkish soldiers do the work; and they don't get trade union wages. To Mecca by rail, personally conducted! The world is growing smaller every day.

Despite the fact that less than six months ago officials of the American Bible Society feared an indebtedness of at least $75,000, they reported to the members at the nineteth annual meeting that the year had closed with a balance on the right side. Furthermore, there had been distributed Scripture and parts of Scripture in larger amounts than in any previous year of the society's existence. The annual report showed that 2,236,755 Bibles were issued, of which only 94,367 were printed at the Bible House, the rest being printed by the society on mission presses in China, Japan, Siam, Syria and Turkey. The increase over the previous year was 405,659 volumes.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

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is such an important factor in your success and happiness that if you are in any way ailing, you should not procrastinate, should not put it off, but should begin the proper treatment immediately, before the trouble has a chance to become settled in any vital organ spread to other parts, or to become aggravated in its developments. V.-O will do for you what nothing else will in putting each organ in a normal condition, in upbuilding and invigorating you, in substituting HEALTH for ill health.

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100 minutes during the next thirty days, if it means health for you? Can you afford 100 minutes of your lifetime to insure for you new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? That is all it takes—just one hundred minutes. Five minutes to write for it, five minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, three minutes each day for 30 days to properly use it—just one hundred minutes altogether, just one hour and forty minutes. This is all you risk—only one hundred minutes of your time. We risk the dollar package of V.-O., risk the postage on it, risk the cost of this big advertisement, risk our name, our reputation—everything. Cannot you afford to spend a stamp to write for it and risk 100 minutes to test it? You are to be the judge. If you need health, if you are sick and suffering, if you want health enough to risk 100 minutes, read our special offer, read what V.-O. is, and send for it today.

Read This Liberal

Thirty-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, the great healer from the earth's veins, enough for 30 days' use, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you. If you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes to insure for you new health new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O has benefited you. Read what Vitæ-Ore is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

From the Earth's Veins to Your Veins.

Vitæ-Ore is an ore-substance—a combination of minerals—mined from the ground, from the Earth's veins. It contains iron, sulphur and magnesium, three properties most essential for the retention of health in the human system, and one package of the ORE, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative value nearly 800 gallons of the powerful mineral waters of the globe, drank fresh at the springs. The mineral properties which give to the waters of the world's noted healing springs their curative virtue, come from the rock or MINERAL ORE through which water forces its way to its outlet, only a very small proportion of the medicinal power in the ORE being absorbed by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore is a combination of these medicine-bearing minerals, powdered and pulverized, requiring only the addition of water to make a most remarkable healing and curing draught. Thousands have pronounced it the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Anæmia, Dropsy, Catarrh of Any Part, Liver, Kidney & Bladder Troubles, Stomach & Female Disorders, Nervous Prostration, General Debility.**

IF you are sick or suffering from any of the above named disorders, in all of which V.-O. is of special value, don't let another day go by before you send for a trial package.

Women Are you afflicted with any of the innumerable diseases which are so common and prevalent among your sex? We cannot mention them in this space, but let us assure you that **Vitæ-Ore** is the true "Balm of Gilead" to every sufferer. The many diseased conditions which unfit women for the full enjoyment of life and its duties may be at once alleviated and permanently eradicated by the proper use of this wonderful remedy. Send for a package on thirty days' trial.

Men Is debility taking the place of the vim and fire of youth? In these conditions it proves to be a powerful tonic, a reviver, a vitalizer, a restorer, forcebuilder. It is not a temporary stimulant, but builds up from the bottom by putting each organ, tissue, muscle and ligament in a healthy, normal, natural condition.

Old People For the aged there is nothing better than **Vitæ-Ore.** The loss of appetite and general break-down of the digestive organs is delayed, the blood purified and enriched, the vital organs are strengthened and a peaceful old age may be enjoyed by the use of this great natural remedy.

RHEUMATISM.

Cured by One Month's Treatment.

UPFORD, ONT.—Owing to exposure during severe weather in winter, I contracted Rheumatism. I tried the various treatments and liniments which were recommended to me, but got no relief; the pain bothered me worse in the hip, making me at times almost helpless. One day, while reading my paper, I saw Vitæ-Ore advertised on thirty days' trial. On seeing that it was recommended for Rheumatism, I became interested, and concluded to send for a trial package, which I did. From the very first dose of Vitæ-Ore I felt an improvement, and by the time the month's treatment was finished the Rheumatism was entirely gone. I have not felt the slightest symptom of it since, and never felt better in my life. I cannot recommend Vitæ-Ore too highly for what it has done for me. JNO. SHEA.

Indigestion, General Debility and Heart Weakness.

BRISTOL, QUEBEC.—I was terribly troubled with Indigestion, General Debility and Weakness of the Heart, and was in such a condition that if I walked half a mile I would have to lie down and rest. I had no appetite for food, and had a fearful pain in my stomach nearly all the time. I tried three or four different doctors, but their medicine would only give relief for a day or two and then my trouble would be as bad as ever. Vitæ-Ore was called to my attention by the advertisement offering it on thirty days' trial. I sent for a package and commenced its use. Before half the package was used I began to improve. I have used two packages of Vitæ-Ore and am now completely cured. I feel like a new man, and can now do a good day's work although I am in my 60th year.

ALONZO DRAPER.

V.-O. Will Do as Much for You

as it has done for hundreds of readers of this paper if you will give it a trial. Send for a $1.00 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this advertisement. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, can hesitate to try Vitæ-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases, two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say—do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper.

A Complete Cure.

I have been in a most unhappy condition with Salt Rheum for the last eleven years, and during that time used a great many medicines, in the hope of obtaining a cure, none of which brought any great relief. I heard of Vitæ-Ore, which was known to have cured cases of Salt Rheum in my neighborhood, and sent for a packet on trial. The thirty days' use greatly relieved the trouble, and alone was enough to do more good than any treatment I had ever used. I sent for two more packets, the use of which has completely cured me. Although I used the Vitæ-Ore only to cure Salt Rheum, I find after taking the three packets, my general health is much improved and I feel much stronger than formerly.

(MRS) P. MALLETTE, Coulonge, Quebec.

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